HELPLESS TIDES

What helpless tides have brought us here,
Washed up upon the shore So focussed as I was in mind,
So wanting so much more?

What force besieged my careful plans
And laid its claim on me,
That like a corpse I drifted with
The current of the sea?

There is an echo that abides

From long, way-long ago:

It tells you with a carking dread

What you must surely know.